Custer and Sitting Bull

a theater piece for voice, soundfile, and electronic keyboard

Score in Ben Johnston’s microtonal notation

by Kyle Gann
1995-99
Custer and Sitting Bull is an electronic opera that I performed more than three dozen times from Brisbane to Moscow in the period 1999 to 2007. Scene 1 was written in 1995, Scenes 1 and 2 in 1998, and Scene 3 in January 1999. In Scenes 1, 2, and 4, I spoke and acted as either Custer or Sitting Bull. In Scene 3 I played the keyboard synthesizer part along with the electronic background. The world premiere was on February 22, 1999, at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles.

This new (2018) score of Custer and Sitting Bull is notated in Ben Johnston’s just-intonation pitch notation. The score was transcribed from a barely readable MIDI score made from the MIDI files that ran the sequencing software (an old 1990s program called Voyetra Plus) from which the recordings were made. This score is somewhat incomplete as to dynamics, doublings of instruments, and (in Scene 2) pitch bends (portamentos). Thus a detailed representation of the piece would have to take into account both this score and the MIDI files. The instruments listed in the score are merely indications of the desired sound quality. The current score is intended primarily as a correct documentation of pitch and rhythm.

In this notation, + raises a pitch by 81/80, - lowers it by 80/81, # raises it by 25/24, b lowers it by 24/25, 7 lowers it by 35/36, L (sub-seven) raises it by 36/35, ^ (an upward arrow) raises it by 33/32, v (a downward arrow) lowers it by 32/33. F-A-C, C-E-G, and G-B-D are all perfectly tuned 4:5:6 major triads. All accidentals remain in effect until the next bar line, but they are usually reiterated (except for repeated notes) to avoid ambiguity.

The microtonal scales of each scene, with cents values, are given following the program notes.

Kyle Gann
1. Custer: “If I Were an Indian...”
2. Sitting Bull: “Do You Know Who I Am?”
3. Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
4. Custer’s Ghost to Sitting Bull

_Custer and Sitting Bull_ (1998-99), for voice and electronic background, is a musical document of two male egos, taken as symbolic of the tragic clash of two cultures. I wanted to sharpen the outlines of the story everyone already vaguely knows, and present these two vivid personalities in their often surprising own words. At greatest issue, of course, is the alleged guilt of George Armstrong Custer: once a hero to many generations of American schoolboys, more recently a scapegoat for everything considered culpable about the white male.

The text to “Custer: If I Were an Indian...” is mostly taken from Custer’s autobiographical _My Life on the Plains_, which was first published serially, starting in May 1872, in a belles lettres magazine called _The Galaxy_ (which later merged with _The Atlantic_). In early installments, Custer showed considerable sympathy for the Indians he was pursuing. If he were an Indian, he muses, he would rather join his comrades hunting on the plains than confine himself to a reservation. The nonchalance with which he admits this is shocking, given that his assignment was precisely to hunt down and kill any Indians who refused to live on the reservations. In later chapters - either because portraying the Indians as savages added to his reputation, because he was being pressured to justify the Army’s genocidal Indian policy, or some other reason - his tone changes, and he sets down some of the coarsest, ugliest statements of hateful bigotry ever committed to print. His early sympathetic remarks have an air of sincerity, while the later bigoted ones seem forced, overstated for badly calculated effect.

The middle part of the movement evokes the 1868 “battle” of the Washita, in which Custer claimed to have killed 103 Cheyenne warriors; what he actually achieved was to kill 11 warriors and massacre 92 women, children, and old men. The band stormed in at daybreak playing Custer’s favorite tune “Garry Owen,” quoted here at length. The last section, beginning with a litany of military crimes Custer didn’t commit, is taken from Custer’s written defense at his 1867 court-martial. (Here and elsewhere I have streamlined Custer’s eloquent 19th-century English; no military leader today could match Custer for fluency of literary style.) This latter event preceded the Washita battle by a year, but I have placed it last to allow the final words - “Judge me not by what is known now, but in the light of what I knew when these events transpired” - to serve as a defense for Custer’s entire life, and perhaps by extension as an epitaph for the white male in general, of which he is so archetypal a symbol.

Custer’s ambivalence is nicely matched by that of his enemy Sitting Bull, whose recorded statements make up the text for “Sitting Bull: Do You Know Who I Am?” Clearly, Sitting Bull was the greater man, a true spiritual leader, but he was not blind to the value of good public relations. Granting interviews to reporters, he would claim in all humility that he was no chief, just a man. Facing U.S. government agents, he would revel proudly in his chieftood and boast of his importance. His statements never seem mendacious or self-serving, yet he did keep a fluid enough view of reality to change
stories as circumstances seemed to require. “Sitting Bull: Do You Know Who I Am?” contrasts statements that Sitting Bull made in various parts of his life - from newspaper interviews, speeches, songs, and transcripts of negotiations with American military authorities - and is based on a song attributed to Sitting Bull and written down second-hand after his death. The final line is his response to someone who asked him how the Indians felt about the sale of the Black Hills, which had been dishonestly maneuvered behind Sitting Bull’s back.

“Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy Grass River” depicts the fateful encounter of the two men, the Battle of the Little Bighorn, in which latter the Sioux killed 263 soldiers including Custer’s entire command - the greatest military victory the Indians were ever to enjoy over the American army. (Greasy Grass River was the Sioux name for the Little Bighorn River.) Before the battle, Sitting Bull performed a sun dance, cutting notches of flesh in his arms and legs and letting the blood run down until he had a vision. The vision he had was of white cavalry and soldiers falling down, as a voice said, “I give you these because they have no ears.” The Sun Dance uses motives from a war song Frances Densmore recorded from Isna’la-wica’, or Lone Man, a Teton Sioux who had participated in two sun dances and who fought with Sitting Bull at the Little Bighorn. The rhythms of the battle scene are based on the text of the frantic note that Custer dictated to his aide during the battle, his last words to posterity: “Benteen, Come on, big village. Be quick. Bring packs. P.S. Bring pacs [sic].” The original note can be seen today in the museum at West Point Military Academy, Custer’s alma mater. The actual battle lasted only fifteen minutes, so at two and a half minutes it is represented here at a scale of 1:6.

According to a Lakota Sioux tradition, Sitting Bull visited the battlefield after the battle, where the ghost of George Armstrong Custer appeared to him; only after one’s death did the two meet face to face. “Custer to Sitting Bull” is a setting of the alleged text of Custer’s posthumous speech, taken from an old astrology book by psychic Martin Schulman, who claimed to have channeled it from the spirit of Sitting Bull.

Undoubtedly Custer’s worst act was the Washita River massacre - but in this Custer was merely following army policy, and he was afterward rewarded by commendations from General Phil Sheridan and the Secretary of War. The charges against him at his court martial seem trumped up (he was charged with shooting - though not killing - deserters who were resisting arrest, and for leaving the post to visit his wife, both of which he had been given permission to do in advance), while his actions at the Little Bighorn are militarily defensible, given what he knew at the time. Custer was a popular Civil War hero, and many jealous enemies yearned to cut him down to size. He testified against corruption in Grant’s administration, for which Grant got revenge by putting control of the disastrous 1876 Indian campaign in Alfred Terry’s hands, a situation partly responsible for Custer’s defeat. For 120 years Custer has been singled out, made to bear America’s genocidal sins on his shoulders. But his real crime, a crime he shared with thousands of his contemporaries and with untold millions in this century, is that he handed over his personal responsibility to a corrupt social structure. Custer’s tragedy - perhaps a classic white male tragedy - is that a person so daring and brilliant in carrying out his assignments had no moral compass with which to judge the humaneness of those assignments.
“Custer: If I Were an Indian...” uses a scale of 20 pitches, actually made up of two pairs of major-minor scales 257 cents apart. In short, there are two tonalities related more or less by quarter-tones. Where Custer rationally contrasts Indian and White cultures, the music flows smoothly between the scales. Where Custer retreats into a narrow, White man’s vision of life, only one of the scales is used. And where he indulges in hypocrisy and dissembling, the two scales combine, contradict, and sour each other. This is my first piece to extensively explore just-intonation dissonance, which, as Harry Partch says, is “an entirely different serving of tapioca” from equal tempered dissonance. “Sitting Bull: Do You Know Who I Am?” weaves nuances around Sitting Bull’s quoted song in a 21-note-to-the-octave mode. The third movement uses a complex scale of 30 pitches; 22 are used in the Sun Dance, capitalizing on various dissonances between the perfect fourth and perfect fifth, including the “wolf fifth” that European music spent centuries avoiding; the other eight, outlining a tonality a tritone away, come in during the Battle to symbolize the attacking cavalry. “Custer’s Ghost to Sitting Bull” is set in a more consonant 30-pitch scale over a drone, meant to allow a sighing motion like that of the wind.

Custer and Sitting Bull is dedicated to my teacher Ben Johnston, who taught me to tune correctly.

Kyle Gann

Texts:

Scene 1: Custer: “If I Were an Indian…”

In proceeding from the Missouri River to the base of the Rocky Mountains, the ascent, though gradual, is quite rapid.... Comparing the surface of the country to that of the ocean,... it does not require a very great stretch of the imagination, when viewing this boundless ocean of beautiful living verdure, to picture these successive undulations as gigantic waves, standing silent and immovable, and adding to the impressive grandeur of the scene. If the Indian were the innocent, simple-minded being he is represented, he would be just the character to complete the picture. [My Life on the Plains, pp. 5, 13]

If I were an Indian, I often think, I would greatly prefer to cast my lot among those of my people adhered to the free open plains rather than submit to the confined limits of a reservation, there to be the recipient of the blessed benefits of civilization, with its vices thrown in.... The Indian can never be permitted to view the question in this deliberate way.... When the soil which he has claimed and hunted over for so long a time is demanded by this... insatiable monster, there is no appeal; he must yield, or, like the car of Juggernaut, it will roll mercilessly over him, destroying as it advances. Destiny seems to have so willed it, and the world looks on and nods its approval.... Two hundred years ago it required millions to express in numbers the Indian population. Today, less than half the number of thousands will suffice. Where and why have they gone? Ask the Saxon race.... [My Life on the Plains, pp. 22-23]
We had approached so near the village that from the dead silence which reigned I feared the lodges were deserted. I was about to turn in my saddle and give the signal for attack, when a single rifle shot rang sharp and clear on the far side of the village. I turned to the band leader and directed him to give us "Garryowen." The bugle sounded the charge and the command dashed rapidly into the village. The Indians were caught napping, but overcame their surprise, and quickly seized their rifles, bows, and arrows. Orders were given to prevent the killing of any but the fighting strength of the village, but in a struggle where the squaws are as dangerous as the warriors it is impossible to always discriminate. When everything had been collected the torch was applied, and soon, all that was left of the village were a few heaps of blackened ashes. [My Life on the Plains, pp. 240-241, 248]

Let Bacchus's sons be not dismayed,
And join with me each jovial blade,
Come booze and sing and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus.
So in place of water we'll drink ale
and pay the reckoning on the nail,
No man for debt shall go to jail
from Garry Owen in glory. [lyrics, "Garryowen"]

My firm conviction based on analysis of the character traits of the Indian is that the Indian cannot be induced to adopt an unaccustomed mode of life by any teaching, argument, reasoning, or coaxing not followed closely by physical force. The Indian is capable of recognizing no influence but that of stern, arbitrary power. [My Life on the Plains, p. 148]

From Garry Owen in glory!

What was to become of all those women and children bereft of everything and of every friend? True, it was just. The warriors had brought this fate upon themselves and their families by their unprovoked attacks upon the White Man.... Although never claimed as an exponent of the peace policy,... yet I entertained the most peaceable sentiments toward all Indians who were in no condition to cause trouble. [My Life on the Plains, pp. 251-253]

If I were an Indian, I often think, I would greatly prefer to cast my lot among those of my people adhered to the free open plains rather than submit to the confined limits of a reservation. [My Life on the Plains, p. 22]

I have never been absent from my command without leave, as here charged.
I have never made use of my men for the advancement of my private interests, as here charged.
I have never turned away from our enemy, as here charged,
Or failed to relieve an imperiled friend, as here charged,
Or left unburied a single fallen man under my command, as here charged,
Or took upon myself the responsibility of a single action not demanded by the occasion,
as here charged. [from Custer's defense at his 1867 court-martial, quoted in Lawrence A. Frost, The Court-Martial of General George Armstrong Custer, p. 236]

Judge me not by what is known now, but in the light of what I knew when these events transpired. [adapted from Custer's defense at his 1867 court-martial, quoted in Lawrence A. Frost, The Court-Martial of General George Armstrong Custer, p. 217]

Where and why have they gone? Ask the Saxon race.... [My Life on the Plains, p. 23]

Scene 2: Sitting Bull: “Do You Know Who I Am?”

I am no chief.
I am a man. I see. I know.
I began to see when I was not yet born; when I was not in my mother's arms, but inside of my mother's belly.
It was there that I began to study about my people.
God gave me the power to see out of the womb.
The [Great Spirit] must have told me at that time that I would be the man to be the judge of all the other Indians - a big man, to decide for them in all their ways.
I speak. It is enough.
I never taught my people to trust Americans.
I have told them the truth - that the Americans are great liars.
I have never dealt with the Americans. Why should I?
The land belonged to my people.
[New York Herald, November 16, 1877]

Of course I will speak to you if you desire me to do so.
I suppose it is only such men as you desire to speak who must say something.
Do you recognize me?
Any man who desires to speak... shall talk for [the Indians].
Do you know who I am...?
...Sitting Bull.
[But] do you know who I am?
Slightly recumbent gentleman cow.
[But] do you know who I am?
I do not know any difference between you and the other Indians at this agency.
I am here by the will of the Great Spirit, and by his will I am a chief.
My heart is red and sweet, and I know it is sweet, because whatever passes near me puts out its tongue to me.
[Senate Committee, Standing Rock Agency, August, 1883]

If a man is a chief, and has authority, he should be proud, and consider himself a great man.
[Stanley Vestal, Sitting Bull]
And yet you men have come here to talk with us, and you do not know who I am. If the Great Spirit has chosen any one to be the chief of this country it is myself. You have conducted yourself like men who have been drinking whiskey, and I came here to give you some advice. I have always been a chief, and have been made chief of all the land. Thirty-two years ago I was present at the [Fort Rice] council with the white man.... Since then a great many questions have been asked me about it, and I always said, Wait. Then the Black Hills council was held, and they asked me to give up that land, and I said... wait. I remember well all the promises that were made about that land.... You white men advise us to follow your ways, and therefore I talk as I do. When you have a piece of land, and anything trespasses on it, you catch and keep it until you get damages, and I am doing the same thing now. And I want you to tell this to the Great Father for me. I am looking into the future for the benefit of my children, and... I want my country taken care of for me. 
[to the Senate Committee, Standing Rock Agency, August, 1883]

My father has given me this nation, In protecting them I have a hard time. No chance for me to live, Mother, You might as well mourn. 
[songs, recorded in Stanley Vestal, Sitting Bull]

Indians! There are no Indians left but me. 
[when asked how the Indians felt about having sold the Black Hills, recorded in Stanley Vestal, Sitting Bull]

Scene 3: Sun Dance/Battle of the Greasy-Grass River

Come on, be quick! Big Village. Bring packs, P.S. Bring packs.

[last note written by Custer at the Little Bighorn]

Scene 4: Custer’s Ghost to Sitting Bull

[On June 25, 1876, 263 men - most of them under the command of Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer - were killed by American Indian forces under Sitting Bull at the Battle of the Little Bighorn, known to the Indians as the Greasy Grass River. Before the battle, Sitting Bull performed a Sun Dance, in which he cut notches of flesh from his arms and legs, letting the blood run down until he had a vision. And the vision Sitting Bull had was of cavalry and white soldiers falling down, as a voice said, "I give you these because they have no ears."
After the battle, Sitting Bull visited the battlefield, where, according to a Lakota Sioux tradition, the ghost of George Armstrong Custer appeared to him, and spoke the following words:

The white man would cover the earth and neither you nor I nor the Great Spirit Himself can stop the infiltration and bloodshed that will follow.
We are but one act in the play and we have done as we were told.
In less than fifteen years we will both be on the same side.
Within fifteen years a treacherous act by a white man will take place against you.
You will have no foreknowledge of it and no medicine you could make would prevent it.
The white man sees only white and the day will come when he will try to extinguish all men who are not white from the face of the earth.
Know in your heart that I speak truth, for you and I were once brothers and will be brothers again.
Be relieved of your burden, for man is an angry wolf stalking and tracking down his prey from the beginning of time to the ends of all time but you and I are more than men as men know men.
Go now and be with your people.
They need you more now than before.
I will be with you many times when you light your pipe at night and I will be with you in your final hour as you are here with me now.
I GIVE YOU THESE BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO EARS.
I GIVE YOU THESE BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO EARS.

Adapted from Martin Schulman, Karmic Astrology (Samuel Weiser, Inc., 1975)
Scale for *Custer: “If I Were an Indian...”* in Ben Johnston’s microtonal notation

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*These two pitches were not used in the realization, but were folded into the next closest pitches.*
Scale for *Sitting Bull: “Do You Know Who I Am?”* in Ben Johnston’s microtonal notation

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Scale for *Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River*
in Ben Johnston’s microtonal notation

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<td>9/8</td>
<td>203.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G#-</td>
<td>10/9</td>
<td>182.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G#↓</td>
<td>12/11</td>
<td>150.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F校长</td>
<td>15/14</td>
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<tr>
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Scale for *Custer’s Ghost to Sitting Bull* in Ben Johnston’s microtonal notation

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<tr>
<th>Pitch</th>
<th>Ratio to tonic</th>
<th>Cents above tonic</th>
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<td>A♭</td>
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This font for Ben Johnston's accidentals was designed by Andrian Pertout.
Contents:

Custer: “If I Were an Indian...”  page 1

Sitting Bull: “Do You Know Who I Am?”  page 49

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Custer’s Ghost to Sitting Bull  page 141
Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."

In proceeding from the Missouri River to the base of the Rocky Mountains the ascent, though gradual, is quite rapid, comparing the surface of the country to that of the ocean, it does...
Flute
E. Horn
Bassoon
Voice

not require a very great stretch of the imagination,

Flute
E. Horn
Bassoon
Voice

when viewing this boundless ocean of beautiful living verdure, to

=Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."

Picture these successive undulations as gigantic waves, standing
silent, and immoveable, and adding to the impressive grandeur of the scene.

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
If the Indian were the innocent simple-minded being he is represented

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Flute

E. Horn

Bassoon

Marimba

Voice

A little faster

\( \frac{3}{4} \) = 96

If I were an Indian, I often think,

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
of civilization with its voices thrown

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
E. Horn
Marimba
Drums
Voice
Metal Bass (sustained)

31

to view the question in this deliberate way.

When the

E. Horn
Trumpet
Marimba
Drums
Voice
Metal Bass (sustained)

33

soil which he has claimed and hunted over for so long a time is demanded by

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
this in-sat-i-a-ble mon-ster, there is no ap-pear. He must yield, or like the car of

Jug-ger-naut, it will roll mer-ci-less-ly o-ver him, de-stroy-ing as it ad-van-ces.
Destiny seems to have willed it, and the world looks on and nods its approval.

Two hundred years ago, it required...
Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
S. D.

Taped Voices

Ask the Sax-on race!

E. Horn

Sax.

Metal Bass (sustained)

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."

proached so near the village that from the dead silence which reigned I feared that the lodges were deserted. I was about to turn in my saddle and...
E. Horn

Sax.

S. D.

Voice

give the signal for attack when a rifle shot rang sharp and

Metal Bass (sustained)

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
rec-ted him to give us Gar-ry Owen The bugles soun-ded the charge, and the com-mand dashed

ra-pid-ly in- to the vil-lage. The In-di-ans were caught nap-ping, but

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
over-came their surprise, and quickly seized their rifles, bows, and arrows.

Orders were given to prevent the killing of...
Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Flute
E. Horn
Trumpet
Sax.
S. D.
Voice
Metal Bass (sustained)

\[ \text{possi} \text{-} \text{ble to al} \text{-} \text{ways dis} \text{-} \text{cri} \text{-} \text{mi} \text{-} \text{nate.} \]

When \( \text{q} = 146 \) and \( \text{q} = 148 \)

\( 90 \) \( \text{q} = 114 \) \( \text{q} = 116 \) \( \text{q} = 118 \) \( \text{q} = 120 \)

Flute
E. Horn
Trumpet
Sax.
S. D.
Voice
Metal Bass (sustained)

\text{ev'rything had been collected the torch was applied, and soon all that was}

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Voice

Flute

E. Horn

Bassoon

Trumpet

Sax.

S. D.

Voice

jo • vial blade, Come booze and sing and lend your aid To

Flute

E. Horn

Trumpet

Sax.

Marimba

S. D.

Voice

help me with the cho • rus! So in place of wa • ter we'll drink ale And

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
of the character traits of the Indian is that the Indian can not be induced to adopt an unaccustomed mode of life by any
teaching, argument, reasoning or

coxing not followed closely by physical force. The Indian

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
"Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
tacks upon the White Man.

Al-though ne-ver claimed as an

ex-po-nent of the peace po-li-cy,

yet I en-ter tained

*Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."*
Flute

E. Horn

Bassoon

Trumpet

Voice

Metal Bass (sustained)

the most peaceable sentiments toward all Indians

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
If I were an Indian, I often think,
I would greatly prefer to cast my lot among those of my people and hered to the open plains, rather than submit to the confined limits of

_Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."_
a reservation.

never been absent from my command without leave as here charged. I have

never made use of my men for the advancement of my

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
I have never turned away from our enemy as

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
here charged, or failed to relieve an imperiled friend as here charged,

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
here charged, or took upon my -

self the responsibility of a single ac -

otion not demanded by the occasion as here charged!

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."

Trumpet

Sax.

S. D.

Voice

Metal Bass (sustained)

Judge me not by what is known now, but in the light of what I knew when these events transpired! Judge me not by what is known now, but in the light of what I knew when these events transpired!
now, but in the light of what I knew when these events transpired! Judge me

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Flute

Trumpet

Sax.

Voice

Taped Voices

Metal Bass (sustained)

vents tran spired! Judge me not by what is known now, but in the light of what I knew when these events tran spired! Judge me not by what is known

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
now, but in the light of what I knew when these events transpired! Judge me now, not by what is known now, but in the light of what I knew when these events transpired! What I knew Judge me

*Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."*
Judge me not by what is known now, but in the vents transpired! Judge me not by what is known now, but in the

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
not by what is known now, but in the

Judge me not
Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Flute

Trumpet

Sax.

Marimba

S. D.

Voice

Taped Voices

Metal Bass (sustained)

not by what is known now, but in the

Judge me not Now

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
light of what I knew when these events transpired! Judge me not by what is known

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
now, but in the light of what I knew when these events transpired! Judge me not

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
not! Where and why have they gone? Ask the Saxon race!

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Flute
E. Horn
Bassoon
Trumpet
Sax.
Marimba
S. D.
Voice
Taped Voices
Metal Bass (sustained)

232

Ask the Saxon race!
Ask the Saxon race!

Custer: "If I Were an Indian..."
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

I am no chief. I am a man.

I see. I know. I began to see when I was not yet born, when I was not in my mother's arms but in-
side of my mother's belly it was there that I began to study about my people.

God gave me the power to see out of the womb. The Great Spirit must have told me at that time that
I would be the man to be the judge of all the other.

In di-ans, a big man to de-cide for them in all their.

Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
Fl. 1
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

Mbira

Synth

Rattle

Drums

Voice

Bass

ways.

it is e-nough.

47

Fl. 1

Slower

$\frac{q}{45}$

Mbira

Synth

Rattle

Drums

Voice

Bass

it is e-nough.

I ne-ver taught my peo-ple to trust Ame ri-cans. I have told them

Metal Drone

Slowly glissando upward to F#$^+$
the truth: that the A-m-e-r-i-cans are great li-ar-s. I have ne-ver dealt with the A-m-e-r-i-cans. Why

should I? The land be-longed to my peo-ple.

Of course I will speak if you de-sire me to do so.

Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

I suppose it is only such men as you desire to speak who must say something.

Do you recognize me?
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

Sitting Bull: “Do you know who I am?”

Voice: “Yes, but do you know who I am?”

Bass: “I do not know who I am.”
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

shall talk for the Indians.

know who I am? Yes, but do you know who I am?

I am here by the will of the Great Spirit, and by
his will I am a chief. My heart is red and sweet, and I know it is sweet, for whatever passes near me puts out its tongue to me. If a

Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

man is a chief and has authority he should be proud, and consider himself a great man. And yet you men have come here to talk with us, and you do not
Fl. 1
Fl. 2
Fl. 3
Rattle
Wd. Blk.
Voice
know who I am.
Bass

Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
Great Spirit has chosen any one to be the chief of this country.

it is my self. You have conducted your self like men who have been
drinking whisky, and I came here to give you some advice.

Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
I have always been a chief, and have been made chief of all the land!

*Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

Thirty-two years ago I was present at the Fort Rice council.
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

with the White Man. Since then a great many questions have been asked me a-
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

council was held and they asked me to give up that land and I said:
Wait. I remember well all the promises that were made about that land.

You white men advise us to follow your ways and therefore I
Fl. 1

Fl. 2

Fl. 3

Mbira

Drums

Voice

talk as I do. When you have a piece of land, and any-thing tres-pas-ses on it, you

catch, and keep it un til you get da-ma - ges, and I am do - ing the same thing

Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
I want you to tell this to the

Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
Great Father for me: I am looking into the future for the benefit of my children, and I want my country taken care of for me. Do you
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

Fl. 1

Fl. 2

Fl. 3

Mbira

Rattle

Wd. Blk.

Taped Voice

Voice

Bass

Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
Fl. 1

Fl. 2

Fl. 3

Mbira

Rattle

Wd. Blk.

Taped Voice

Voice

Bass

Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

gentleman cow.

I do not know

Yes, but do you know who I am?
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

$\text{any diff'-rence between you}$

$\text{and the other In-} $

$\text{Yes, but do you know who I am?}$
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

ans at this a-gency.

Any man who desires to speak

Yes, but do you know who I am?

Yes, but do you
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

shall talk for the In-di-ans.

know who I am?

Yes, but do you know who I am?
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
me to live, Mother: you might as well mourn.

Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
Given me this nation. In protecting them I have a hard time. No chance for

Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
me to live, Mother: you might as well mourn.

My father has

Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

given me this na- tion. In pro- tect- ing them
I have a hard time. The Great Spirit

Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"
Fl. 1

Sitting Bull: "Do You Know Who I Am?"

June 1 - July 4, 1998
Lewisburg, PA

226

Möbius: Told me that I would be the man to be the judge for all the other
Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Flute
W.B.
Rattle
Dr.
Synth.
Drones

Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
28 Flute

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Synth.

Drones

31 Flute

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Synth.

Drones

Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Flute

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Synth.

Drones

---

Flute

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Synth.

Drones

---

Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Flute

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Synth.

Drones

Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Drones

Flute

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Synth.

Drones

Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Flute

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Synth.

Drones

Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
I give you these be-cause they have no

Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Flute

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Taped Voices

Ears.

Synth.

Drones

Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
I give you these because they have no
Flute
W.B.
Rattle
Dr.
Taped Voices
ears.
Synth.
Drones

Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Flute

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Taped Voices

ears.

Synth.

Drones

Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Flute

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Taped Voices

I give you these because they have no

Synth.

Drones

Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Flute
W.B.
Rattle
Dr.
Snare
Taped Voices
Synth.
Drones

Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Flute
Trumpet
Guns
Rattle
Dr.
Snare
Taped Voices
Synth.
Drones

Come on!  Come on!

Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Come on! Be quick!

Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Come on!  Be quick!

Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Flute

Trumpet

Guns

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Snare

Taped Voices

Synth.

Drones

Come on! Be quick!

Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River

\( \text{q} = 108 \)
Come on! Be quick!
Come on! Be quick! Big village. Come on! Be quick! Big village.
Flute

Trumpet

Guns

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Snare

Synth.

Drones

Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Come on! Be quick! Big village. Come on! Be quick! Big village.
Flute

Trumpet

Guns

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Snare

Taped Voices

Synth.

Drones

Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River

vil·lage. Bring packs. Come on! Be quick! Big
Flute

Trumpet

Guns

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Snare

Taped Voices

vil-

lage.

Bring packs.

Synth.

Drones

Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Come on! Be quick! Big village. Bring packs.
Come on!  Be quick!  Big village.  Bring packs.
Come on! Be quick! Big

Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Flute

Trumpet

Guns

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Snare

Taped Voices

village. Bring packs. P.S.: Bring packs! Come on! Be quick! Big

Synth.

Drones

Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Come on! Be quick! Big village. Bring
Bring packs.
P. S.: Bring packs!
Come on!
Be quick!
Big village.
Bring packs.
Flute

Trumpet

Guns

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Snare

Taped Voices

packs. P. S.: Bring packs!

Synth.

Drones

Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Come on! Be quick! Big village. Bring

Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Flute

Trumpet

Guns

W. B.

Rattle

Dr.

Snare

Taped Voices

Synth.

Drones

Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River

packs. P. S.: Bring packs!
Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Flute

Trumpet

Guns

W.B.

Rattle

Dr.

Snare

Taped Voices

Synth.

Drones


Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Sun Dance / Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River
January 2-15, 1999
Lewisburg, PA

*Sun Dance | Battle of the Greasy-Grass River*
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
white man would co-ver the earth,
and nei-ther you nor I nor the

Great Spi-rit him-self can stop the in-fil-tra-tion and blood-shed that will

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
fol-low. We are but one act in the play, and we have done as we were told. We are but one act in the play, and we have done as we were
told. In less than fifteen years we will both be on the same side.

The white man would cover the earth, and neither

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
you nor I nor the Great Spirit him-self can stop the infiltration and

blood shed, that will follow.

We are but one act in the play, and we have
done as we were told. We are but one act in the play, and we have

done as we were told. With-in fif teen years a

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
T-t. Voice

Metal Bass

trea-cher-ous act by a white man will take place against you. You will have

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
The White Man sees only white!

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
And the day will come when he will try to extinguish all men who

white!

White Man sees only white!

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
are not white from the face of the earth.

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Know in your heart that I speak truth,

_Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull_
for you and I were once brothers, and will be
brothers again. Be relieved of your burden.
For man is an angry wolf! Stalking, and tracking down his

Man is an angry wolf!

Man is an angry wolf!

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
prey from the beginning of time to the ends of all time.

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
But you and I are more than men, as men know men;

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Fl.

Trumpet

T-t.

S. D.

Voice

Cel.

Synth.

Metal Bass

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull

you and I are more than men as men know men.
The White Man sees only white!

And the day

The White man sees only white!

The White Man sees only
will come when he will try to extinguish all men who are not white!
white from the face of the earth.

_Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull_
Know in your heart that I speak truth,

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Fl.

Trumpet

T-t.

Rattle

S. D.

Voice

for you and I were once brothers,

Synth.

Metal Bass

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
and will be brothers again.

*Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull*
Flute

Trumpet

Tuba

Rattle

S.D.

Voice

Synthesizer

Metal Bass

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull

141 Be re-lieved of your bur-den.

For
man is an angry wolf!
Man is an angry
Fl.

Trumpet

T-t.

Rattle

S. D.

Voice

Taped Voices

Synth.

Metal Bass

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull

Stalking, and tracking down his prey from the beginning of time

Man is an angry wolf!
Fl.

Trumpet

T-t.

Rattle

S. D.

Voice

to the ends of all time. But you and

Cel.

Synth.

Metal Bass

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
I am more than men, as men know men; you and
I am more than men as men know men.
Go now and be with your people.

*Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull*
people.

They need you more now than be -
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
final hour as you are here with me now.
I will

be with you in your final hour as you are here with me_
now.

I give you these because they have no ears!

I give you these because they have no ears!
I give you these because they have no ears!

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
I give you these because they have no ears!

I give you these because they have no ears!
I give you these be-cause they have no ears!

Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull

Trumpet

Trombone

S. D.

Cel.

Metal Bass
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Note: from this point on, the flute, synthesizer, and tom-toms slow down in a gradual deceleration. The rhythms notated are a close approximation of the MIDI file.
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull
Custer's Ghost to Sitting Bull